

OFF THE WALL

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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

FEB 10 1976

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VIEWS

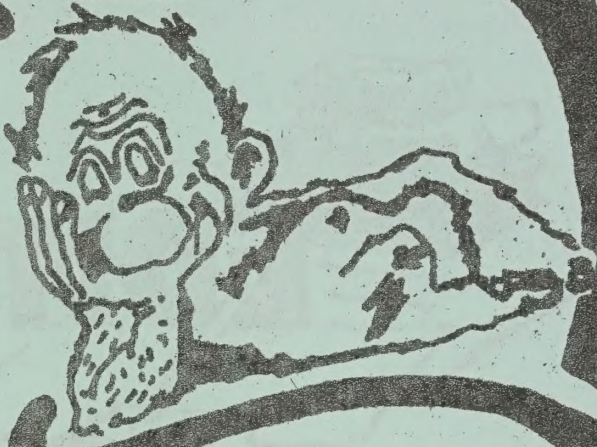
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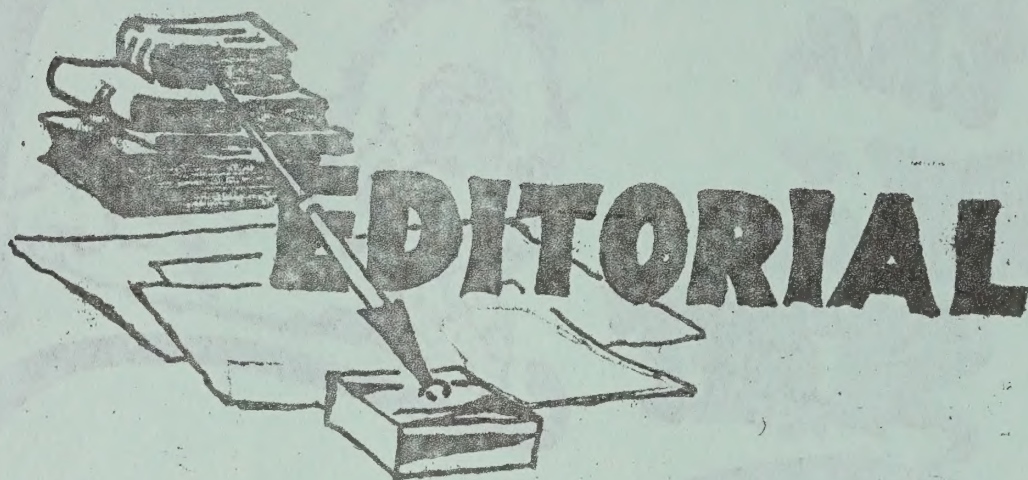
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JANUARY 76 - DECEMBER 75



During the two week recess the motto was "On Our Way". Sad to say, we have not got very far. So little distance has been covered and yet so far to go.

The first reaction would be "Hey man, that is pretty heavy stuff". So be it. Damn.....it's a heavy subject. To some it may not have become apparent that We Are In This Boat Together.

Now each individual has a part to play. The staff of Off The Wall would like to do it's part by bringing some heavy stuff forward. David Wayne, has spent a couple of weeks compiling statistics concerning sentence, racial origin and age. Now that there is good stuff. There are some of the answers to questions that the cons have been asking for a long time. There are also a number of other very good contributions to this issue. This paper should offer more than mere verbage. It should be the voice of the cons. It can be a voice that outsiders hear. There are a lot of guys in here that have something to say. To date, few have taken the time to say their piece.

If we are "On Our Way" then lets get it on. This rag could become a real paper if people choose to use it to full advantage. A guy can carry his ideas to a lot of people.

THE POLITICAL MACHINE

or parts thereof.....

"Bureaucracy. Totalitarianism. The ruling body. Yes you can. No you can't. If I will benefit them I will give you permission. You may breathe only when it suits me.....

"That's pretty heavy man. Who pray tell are you?

"I am red-tape, censorship, the tax collector, the policeman. I am the court, the judge, the prosecution and the jury. I am little sister, BIG BROTHER, the father, the son and the holy ghost. I am the King, the queen, the peasants, the castle and the drawbridge.....

"How?

"I speak only the truth. My words are law. My actions control whole governments. My wisdom is infinite, and my wrist is limp.....

"I'm having trouble.....

"I am the power and the glory,
I am the truth in every story,
I am the knowledge of the ages,
I am life in all its stages,
I'm not evil, I'm no fraud,
Face it Brother, I am God.....

"That's pretty heavy, I mean, who would believe all that track you are laying down?

"Belief my dear boy, is not the question.
Let me make just one suggestion.
First of all, you will comply. When I say to do or die,
There is no room for belief in me.....
And arguing your rights won't set you free.....
Of things you along can not control....
So buck up boy, and join the poll.
Of people willing to do my deeds,
Like killing my enemies and stringing my beads....."

Never, I'll never go along with that?!!

"Don't speak to hasty, take a minute.....
To analyze the question and all that's in it....
On one hand you are not in that class;
On the other you say you want a Christmas pass?
Make up your mind, what is it to be?
Are you a convict, or are you with me???????

by: Poetic Justice.

THE MILITANTS

&

THE LIBERAL

"We charge you with brutalizing a race of men and women who are sick and tired of being punished when they're good. Guilt by complicity. We charge you with helping your brother kill a bluebird. Shackling out of season - guilt by complicity. Slashing at our groins with the rusty razor blade of your secret heart. Ross Barnett. Governor Wallace. Guilt by complicity. Finger popping out of season. Being a lame ofay grey paddy jiveass white mother-

"Okay you black Sapphire strangled incestuant -- I'm going to sit in your silly court and face these fraudulent charges. You're trying to manipulate me into really calling you niggers and I don't think I will. I'm more of a sadist than that. I will answer your jive bullshit charges. Shoot Brother."

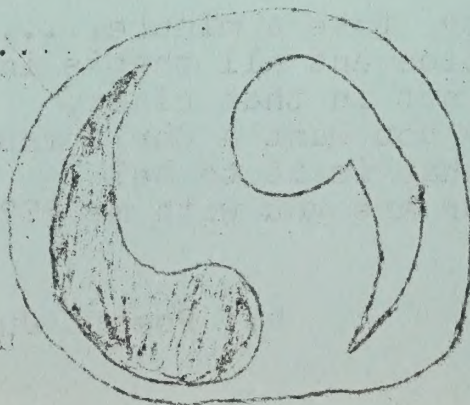
"Who do you choose to represent you? Bull Connor or Governor Wallace?"

"Paul Laurence Dunbar."

"Request denied. The court refuses to recognize him as counsel."

"I see. I understand. Peace be unto you."

"Guilty by default! Feel the seduction fruit of thorn dart seeping into your blood. At least the blood that rapidly cools in your veins. Not the blood which now laces your loins. See your pith helmet lying nearby engorged with the top of your head. See your unstockinged white legs pointing this way and that.....broken. Feel your bowels slopping warm in confused and trembling hands. Touch the hole where your right eye used to be. You can't wink anymore. The suction would drive you crazy....(and you must keep your wits about you). You stare uncertainly with one eye at black ankles and calves which surround you like a pitched picket fence, sweat running their lengths pooling in the dust beneath calloused feet. You try to raise yourself on one elbow....but discover you have none. You are confused still more. You try to rise from your corpse but realize your back is broken. Through torrent of blood in your mouth and throat you whisper with hoarse intensity:



I AM THE ONLY WHITE MAN THE NATIVES TRUST.....We do not bother exposing the guilt and shame of the redneck peckerwood cracker. That has been done before and everyone is aware of it. White Liberals are the first to point their accusing fingers to the south and cluck their tongues. Then they write neat concise, indignant articles for liberal magazines laying blame on the brow of their Southern Brother and at the same time excusing themselves of any guilt; exercising the evil spirit of shame that the white race has inherited from the ignorance of their forefathers and indeed present day brethern. We say no! you may not! you may not be excused! NO!!!!!!

"NO?!"

"NO! You must sit there and listen to what we have to say!"

"You allow no loopholes.....no escape....."

"No bullshit! (they say clearly) If you protest your guilt you are all the more guilty. And if you do not -- you accept your guilt therefore and stand before the judgement of WE SPPRESSED for punishment. There is no occasion for apologies, rationalization or explanation."

"What of one who does not feel guilty? Can he not be excused in the eyes of black men?"

"Of course not. Can an innocent black be excused in white eyes, WHITE-EYES?"

"Where after kindergarten are the innocent blacks?"

"Dead. To understand that is to accept the guilt in one way or another. There is no escape. And marching on Washington on white feet is no apology for the indignities heaped upon our race by yours; your pig people who pity us and sympathize with our plight all the while thanking God, your God, that you don't have to suffer the same torments. A sweeping indictment which brings one to his emotional knees; an indictment which insists on retribution; which assails the intellect with undeniable reason. There is no underground railway for the white liberal unless it be the corridors leading to the finely-tuned escape mechanism of his mind. But he then sacrifices his liberal credentials."

"And he must in turn like 'Patty Peckerwood' condemn the black, setting the stage for all-out war because you and those as militant as you demand ALL-OUT WAR!"

"Not forgiveness. Not understanding. Not pity. Not sympathy. Not acceptance. Or even equality. The white liberal can no longer choose sides, even when their contention is valid. They have been chosen for him. By the militant black! This is what we're saying."

"For a white man to applaud that state is to sanction and courage his potential executioner at his be-heading; to give tribute to his judges at his condemnation; to kiss the feet of a sick dispassionate God who has banished him stunned

and bewildered to the rancid bowels of hell...because his brother killed a blue-bird and it stinks because MAN evidently... also stinks and you are confessed MEN because you cannot forgive my not understanding your rage.....your pain.....your death. And you cannot forgive me for trying to understand your life. You cannot forgive me because you see my here-now eyes, while you feel some Southern Governor's dirty white hands on your brother's throats; because you see me in our bar drinking and yesterday a rat in Harlem bit one of your sister's kids -- because Bill Connor and THE MAN are jabbing at your joint with a rusty tie-pin; caving in your heads and driving you toward insanity with the dirty bludgeon of my great, great, g r e a t grandfathers unworthy sledge -- not the so-noble hammer of the savage John Henry brought here in chains."

"We charge you White Man with guilt and complicity in the crime of humiliating the Spirit of Black Men everywhere; with plotting their destruction and attempting to carry it out; with keeping in bondage freemen, who are created equal and die second best because of that bondage; with killing our men; Medgar Evers, Mack Parker, Charlie Parker, Parker Emmett, Till James, Chaney & Clay Williams; we charge you with all these crimes -- and, you are guilty! Guilt by complicity!"

"Tell me, after you cut me, after you make my still white liberal body a dead one, will you drag it over your face and suffocate yourself? Because you do not understand your own self? Because you could not relate in your excruciating 'awareness', to my ignorance? Because of the futulity of knowing that no one can possibly understand BUT YOU?"

"When you ripoff your ivy-league suit and become the savage that you wouldn't let yourself be -- that you don't want to be -- that you are again because I wouldn't let you be..... when you do that -- and kill me -- will you not be committing fratricide and suicide at the same time? Because then will you not have the 'Whitemans' Murdering Conscience to deal with? And that might be a far more formidable enemy than me. And that's something YOU can never understand or know about -- because -- you are not white."

"Shit!"

"Are you not men as I am a man? As truly ignorant of those you love as they are of you? Of Lumumba and Stevenson?? Of Bird and Bernstein? Of Wright and Camus? Of Willy Mays and Ted Williams. Of Stevie Wonder and Jimi Hendrix? If you see me at all as human -- then you must share my guilt and ignorance -- or deny your own humanity. Yeah, you've tried to manipulate me into calling you niggers! And I refuse! I will no longer dignify these bullshit charges! I will no longer -- participate in your group psychosis! You are no more than the worst WHITE BIGOT! The only difference between them and you is the shade of your black skin! -- and the shade of their own white skin!"

Reprint

The Memoirs of Slow George

To be a wise man like me you have to get into liking Christmas. 'Twas the night before Christmas

And all through the House

Not a creature was stirring

....except four-hundred assholes banging their cups on their cell bars. Well, be assured my friend, not all of us have left our brains on the cop-shop floor. I, for one, don't indulge in that heathenish practice. Anyway, you can make more noise by turning your metal clothes cupboard into a Tom Tom.

Christmas is a sorta interesting time if you handle it right. A lotta guys get a bit hung up when they have to face down the Ghost of Christmas Pawt but most can handle it. Some sharpies have noticed a few bulls always who feel guilty about how rotten it is for a guy to be locked up over the Holiday and they work on their feelings until the bulls really feel guilty. This is a good time to get the Brass who run the bulls' union to admit corrections might be a good thing. No one has tried it yet though. Maybe corrections is a good thing; it's not something that I want to speculate on..some of the correctors are a pain though. Like, I hear there's a female corrector in Stony who really tries to mess up heads and PRAISE the Commissioner, for he is retiring. I ain't in one of those medium security cracker boxes. I heard of this chick who's into the young councillor trip. If you tell her the truth she thinks you're lying and if you tell her a lie, she thinks she's rehabilitated you. Unless she's really paranoid, she'll grow out of it. Howcum, now that I think of it, we have co-ed correctors, but we don't have co-ed cons? Another dumb-ass double standard. It doesn't matter anyway.

Oh Christmas cheer; Christmas cheer,
All I want is a bottle of beer,
Christmas cheer, Christmas cheer,
I'll settle for you if you're really queer

Heads of state and other fascists always have a Christmas message for their followers, families, and furnace fodder. So, I figure that since I am an important National columnist and the oldest, wisest, inhumanitarianist convict in this whole cuntry and since being that in this cuntry makes me that in the whole world cuz no other cuntry keeps people locked up as long as this cuntry, I goota lay on a little Christmas message -- so the message is: this Christmas better be better than the last eleven Christmas' because I am getting very p'd off about the food strikes at Christmas and very p'd off when there ain't a food strike and all I get is mashed crap of canned turkey and then all I get is three skinny little slices. If I wanted Prem and Span and Dr. Ballards, I'd buy my own. The Transition guy with all the cats says that hiscats won't even eat the stuff so howcum us cons should. I say "horse----!" and probably I'm not far wrong.

Even me, with my indefinite knowledge and all-seeing ever-seeing venerable gaze, can't say why people always want to get into a food strike trip at Christmas. Why Christmas? Why I always ask, Christmas!!!!

Cons are the only people who lose weight at Christmas time.. Even the starving Asian millions get extra goodies in their CARE packages. So do we, but we strike, so the goodies go down the toilet. Goddamnit anyhow, I want some genuine turkey this year!! I want Turkey that looks like Turkey and tastes like Turkey, and I want to be able to tell whether my share, (which amounts to all the Turkey I can lay my hands on) came from the Turkey's leg or thigh or breast. Every time there's a food strike I have to live on peanut butter, chocolate bars and my Sally Anne goodie bag. That ain't much, particularly when you take into account all the goodies that a guy could be getting into his gut.

I have a fear and a mad about food strikes at Christmas time. And a hunger, but I told you that already. Maybe I've just missed too much Turkey for too many years. Reaching back into my timeless store of memoirs of different food strikes in different joints: I remember once down east when the Bulls set up our dinner on tables in the dome, and we all had to sit there for twenty minutes looking at all the scoff before they let us go back to our cells. And while we were sitting there the bulls frisked every cell for food. I guess they figured if we were gonna have a food strike, they were gonna make sure that it was an honest one.

There was another time when everyone had to go through the food line and at the end of the line there were three or four heavies from the bunch who had organized the strike, who were there to make damn sure that no one took a tray.

You know what's really a pain is that every time there's a food strike, the organizers always ask me to write up their petition about how lousy the food is. Hey, wow, Jesus, this is ridiculous; I mean I like to eat! I guess they figure since I have been in more food strikes than anyone else I should be able to write out the things that are wrong with the food now, was wrong with before, and could go wrong with in the future. I should take a correspondence course in nutrition so that I can really get it on good with the jargon.

This Christmas is shaping up pretty much like the rest. Yesterday the bulls knocked off my two-gallon decoy brew in the radiator outside my cell. They didn't get my five gallon effort in the ducts though, and it'll be ready by Christmas. Maybe I won't get my Turkey but I sure in hell will get a good headache.

SENTENCE BREAKDOWN FOR SASK PENITENTIARY

Study done by David Wayne.

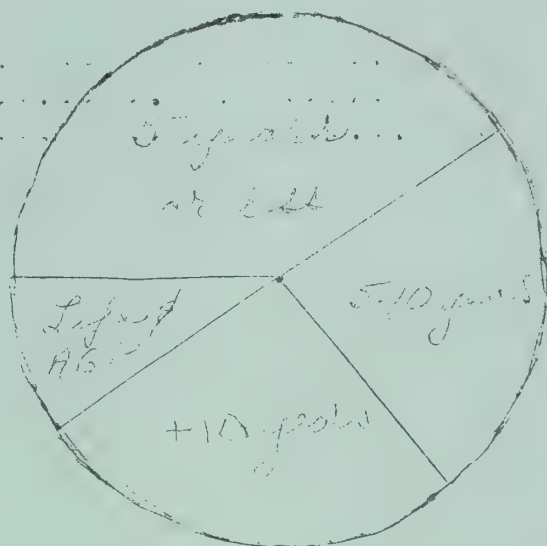
Count	458
Under 5 years	176 persons
5 - 9 years	122 persons
10+ years	104 persons
Life & A.G.P.	54 persons

Total time to serve on non-life sentences is 2799 years.

The average sentence is approximately 6 years and 11 months.

Average time served on a life sentence from S.C. 13.34 years.

5 years or less	39%
5 - 9 years	26%
10 + years	23%
Life & AGP	12%



It would be proper to say a few words about the results of the studies. The most apparent aspect of the time to serve study is that the average sentence is very long. There are more people doing more than 5 years than there are doing less. It has long been argued that the judge considers parole when sentencing. Further a recent development at this institution suggests that paroles will not usually be given unless the person goes to a lesser security institution. Because of the very long sentences a bad situation is developing. The institution says that the individual must serve more of his sentence before he can be transferred. I would think that this represents a situation that requires immediate answers.

Comments by haas

POPULATION BREAKDOWN ACCORDING TO RACIAL ORIGIN

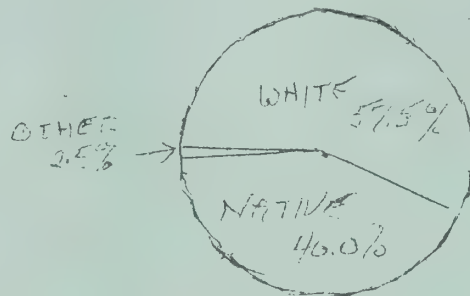
A certain ammount of trouble presented itself during the racial origin study because of mixed status. In some cases there are Native people who have no traety status, even though they were born on the reserve. Complications galore.

White.....	260 persons
Native....treaty..	102
....metis....	76
....non-stat..	6...184 persons
Other..Black.....	4
..Asian.....	1
..Palistian....	1
..ugoslav.....	1
..E. Indian....	1.....8 persons

There are 31 White American and about 71 Natives with dual papers,

Whites.....	57.5%
Native.....	40.0%
Other.....	2.5%

These figures represent a total population of 456 persons.



The population breakdown according to race has revealed some interesting statistics. For a long time the Native population was estinated to be around 50 +%. It now appears that either the estimator was a little high, or there are now fewer Natives housed here than before. It has long been a serious embarasment to the Canadian Government because only 2% of the population of Canada is Native yet 50% of those put in prison are Native. I would think that the 40% Native population is still far to high for their percentage of the Canadian population. I would think that the government would correct this.

AGE REPORT FOR SASK PENITENTIARY - PRINCE ALBERT

An average age of 26.5 years still should be considered too low for this type of institution. A while back the average age was 23 something. After a slight disturbance authorities did everything possible and shipped out a lot of people. I have noticed over the past few months there seems to be a gradual influx of youths.... it would appear that no matter what the proplem or what the solution...it is only temporary at best.

AGE BREAKDOWN STUDY RESULTS FOR SASK PEN.

age	number in that category
16 years	2 persons
17	12
18	16
19	18
20	20
21	27
22	32
23	22
24	26
25	18
26	26
27	23
28	14
29	20
30	17
31	10
32	11
33	14
34	10
35	12
36	13
37	8
38	9
39	7
40	3
41	5
42	1
43	4
44	1
45	4
46	1
47	1
48	1
49	2
50	2
51	1
55	2
56	1
58	1
	<u>416</u>

The Politics of Prison
Militancy in the Mill (Reprint)

from the letters of Joe Wydryck

Joe Wydryck is currently an inmate at Millhaven. Below are excerpts of letters he has written his friends and attorney during the past few months. They tell the Millhaven story as it should be told: in terms of human ideals and emotions, and people - very ordinary people who just happen to be in prison.

The Grecian View

The man, who has never received a kind message, a gesture, who has never held anything of value, material or otherwise, if he is healthy, or should I say, remains healthy (my persuasion presupposes original innocence), he never becomes so practical as to expect more of the same = nothing. Less, but never nothing.

To be denied or rejected means less to this man, but never nothing.

And if he is healthy of mind he knows he can't be practical; he can't afford practicality. His have-nothing status, the absence of the all-important controls, predisposes him to impracticality; he can never relax; he is or becomes the desperate positions; when revolution comes he is the first to join it. If it doesn't come, he makes it.

But the significant feature of the desperate man reveals itself when he meets other desperate men, directly or vicariously, and he experiences his first kindness; someone to strain with him, to strain to see him as he strains to see himself, someone to understand, someone to accept the regard the love, that desperation forces into hiding.

This significant feature in the desperate men, and women, people, redeems them, redeems the revolution, alters the sanguine coloring of war, and gives revolution its love motive.

Men who have never received and have little occasion to express the love theme or original goodness respond in a very significant manner to the first real, spontaneous, gratuitous kindness. Those feelings that find no expression in desperate times store themselves up in great abundance, ripen, strengthen, and strain the walls of their repository to the utmost; where the kindred spirit touches, this wall crumbles - no one responds to kindness, no one is more sensitive to it than the desperate man. I'm trying to say thanks to all who have taken an interest in the people.

I once read where Dr. Eric Berne believes that Greek myths, contain script prototypes of contemporary man and can be interpreted psychologically. The mythical figures demonstrate universal types who expressed themselves much as people do today.

Two such interesting characters were the brothers Atlas and Prometheus. Each went to war against the authority of Zeus "Father of Gods" and was persecuted for it.

For punishment (there's that word again!), Zeus doomed Atlas to bear the weight of the heavens on his shoulders. Hercules the original muscle man, offered to carry his load if Atlas would secure for him the famed golden apples of the Hesperides. Atlas complied. But on his return rather than remain free of his burden he was easily conned into taking it back upon his own shoulders.

The modern-day Atlas has many disguises; the overworked social worker; the business executive who is reluctant to delegate authority and so carries the whole load, or the exhausted housewife who tries to be everything to everybody. Although Atlases may complain, they tend to perpetuate their own role of VICTIM and get a certain pleasure from their miseries.

Prometheus and his brother, Epimetheus were charged (wow, there's another one of those words) by the Gods with creating man and animals. Epimetheus was to do the work and Prometheus was to oversee it. Epimetheus gave to the animals such gifts as strength, swiftness, courage and wings. Little was left to bestow upon man that would make him superior, so Prometheus reflected the rescue. With the aid of Minerva, he lighted his torch from the sun and gave fire to man. With fire, man could make weapons, tools, and gain dominion over the animals. In addition, Prometheus made man upright like the Gods and secured for man the best sacrificial meat leaving only the fat for the Gods.

Zeus was outraged by Prometheus' concern for man and sought to "punish" him. As Persecutor, (lots of them around here), chained Prometheus to a rock for perpetual torture. However after thirteen generations Hercules rescued him. To this day Prometheus serves as a symbol of "magnanimous endurance of unmerited suffering, and strength of will resisting oppression."

Like the Greek hero, a modern Prometheus, if he be a legitimate rescuer, sets others on their feet at the risk of bringing down the wrath of authority on himself.

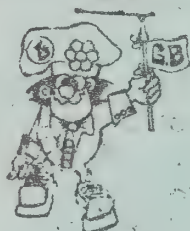
continued

Then criticizing a person to another person who is a member of the same faction, it might be well to remember an old Bulgarian Proverb:

A R A V E N N E V E R P L U C K S T H E
E Y E O F A N O T H E R R A V E N

I think that the best method of testing peoples character is through money. The shocks and the strains of this money-mad society are enough to ruin the purest of minds. And remember, I am speaking of the old slave, the other Joe who died four years ago, when he was an illegitimate capitalist, Men are so deeply engaged in making money that their very existence is shaped and dominated by the system of production. I'm thoroughly tired already. When I obtain what I need to work, nothing could stop me from going home. That is where I will invest my money, resources, and talents. My labour shall not, as long as I call myself a man, compromise with tyranny. There are a few things that mean more to me than life. Though I must think of, and plan for tomorrow, I can not, I must not, surrender for tomorrow all that I possess today. I can repair this loss, this morbid depression that owns a little more of my mind each day that passes. I have been purposely kept ignorant; I have been taught what to think, instead of HOW to think, I have been subjected to the ordeal of hunger, thirst, name-calling, and other uncomfortable indignities. Says one inmate here, "Every sickness ain't death, every good-bye ain't gone, and every big man ain't strong."

I say, "The jungle is still the jungle be it composed of trees or skyscrapers, and the law of the jungle is bite or be bitten."



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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Once upon a time, not really very long ago, there was a little girl named Alice who went on a startling trip more real than not. Alice, having a free spirit, was walking through the woods not far from her home when she felt the need of enlightenment. Having sat down near a tree she proceeded to fix her troubles from her mind, then leaned against the tree by her, feeling the rush of joy she always felt at times like this.



"Look at all those stars next to the sun," she said to no one in particular, when out of the bush near her jumped a most precarious creature. It had the stamina of an English gentleman wearing a vest and watch fob, combined with the looks of a common rabbit. As the rabbit ran by Alice it kept a constant jabber of "I'm late; I'm late; I'm late for an important date," while continually looking at its watch. Alice was perturbed by such actions spoiling her high flight through the stars and wished to converse with this perverted rabbit only to find that the rabbit was unheeding her comments as he kept up his jabber about the time.

Now Alice, who always has to have the last word, not caring at all for the rabbit's unprecedented calousness at a wanton woman, proceeded to follow the rabbit. When it clamored down a hole at the base of a tree Alice thought that now she could finally catch up with this illuding creature and give it a good thrashing as to its callousness in the treatment of her only to find herself in a free fall spinning to the depths of the earth itself. Spinning, spinning, coming to no end and having no beginning, our Alice knew the fear of a bad trip through nowhere, until finally she landed softly at the bottom of the hole which was really quite large. In one wall there was a very small door about the size of a rabbit hole. She laid down by it and contemplated the possibilities of entering through such a small device. She calmly stated, again to no one in par-

ticular, "Oh my, now how will I be able to find that mischevious rabbit." "By going through the door," said a voice from nowhere yet everywhere including inside her head. "How can I go thru that little door when I am so big?" asked Alice to her voice. "Look upon the rock and find the pill, the red pill, the large red pill, it will make you small reds are good for everyone who is too big," said the voice.

Now Alice, knowing about pills and their uses did indeed know what the red pill was for, so she put the pill in her mouth and swallowed it with an air of much practice. Suddenly she felt the hole around her change its perspective. Growing larger and larger and her head smaller and smaller until before she realized it the door was towering above her, much too large for her to hope to open. "Now what shall I do? The door is too large for me to open." The voice answered with a laugh and told her not all trips end where you want. "Take the small capsule beside you dear, the one that has Love Such Devices upon it, it will make you large enough to fit through any problems." Alice did as she was told and gobbled up the pill hoping this would end all of her troubles. Grow she did, she could feel everything around her shrinking and her head becoming bigger and bigger until she dwarfed everything in the hole, especially the rabbit's door.

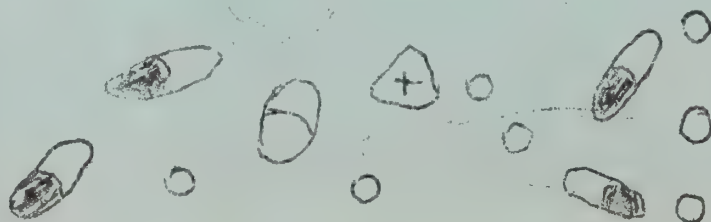
Alice started looking about her and said "Now look what you have done, I'm much too large for such a small hole." The voice told her that all was OK. "Do you see that pill by your hand? It will put you in your proper perspective so you may enter the elusive door either too small or large."

Alice picked up the pill; it was one that she hadn't seen before; it had the funniest little

picture of a mushroom on it, but never the less she swallowed it. Nothing happened, she just stood there and nothing happened. Being a womans right, Alice started to cry feeling that this pill for sure would get her to the right size of mind, but it did nothing. The more she thought of it the more she cryed, with the voice trying to reassure her that everything was cool, it work its own way out. Alice then felt her head go oblong then stretch either way and this made her cry even more until the floor was covered with her tears. Then she found herself shrink and in a roaring torrent her tears had formed... Now at last she could find her strange rabbit with the manner of a pusher of events.

After taking in her breath Alice looked around her in wonderment for a short while. From the door, water still flowed making a small river, there were signs all around her of the water's effects on the nearby foilage, everything was sopping wet, including herself, but by the time she remembered her task of finding the rabbit she found herself reasonably cold and clammy, so she started to walk.

After a short way she could stand her wet clothes no longer and having found a reasonably dry area she started a fire from dead wood with her disposable lighter. After the fire was going good she attached a vine to two overhanging trees to act as a clothesline. After taking off all of her clothes and hanging, them up she began to worry about the direction to take to find her evasive rabbit. "Oh my, where shall I go next," Alice asked of herself.



"You could go to the left or right, or maybe forward or backward, or even up or down," answered a deep throated voice with a bit of a spit. "Who are you?" asked Alice, as she looked around. "Where are you?" "Why I'm right here," and before her, sitting atop a mushroom with various colored spots, was a tiger-striped cat, fat and contented smoking a water pipe.

"Hello," said Alice, "could you tell me where the little rabbit went who was wearing a vest," "Now why would a sweet & young thing like you want a dirty little rabbit such as him?" asked the cat blowing out a plumb of smoke from deep within his lungs. Then Alice told the cat the entire story, "Would I like to get my hands on him for the way that he treated me, by the way, may I ask your name?" "Surely, you may," replied the cat, "my name is Scat, but don't you know it, is better to make love than war?" "Of course I do Scat, but as you can see, where upon she raised her breasts in her hands, one always leads to another." "Won't you join me in a little smoke up here on the magic mushroom?" "I would be glad to," replied Alice as she pulled herself upon the lounge with Scat.

She then took a deep pull on the pipe drawing the smoke into herself as Scat had showed her, then held it for as long as she could. As she let the air slowly out of her lungs she could again see stars floating all around her, and could see the excitement aroused within Scat whereupon she laid down on the mushroom with a sigh of delight.

When Alice woke up she was laying by the fire on the ground. "That Scat is strange, but a very nice fellow," said Alice, to herself (again), and finding

her clothes dry, she put them on, noting that Scat had already put out the fire. After she had done this, she found a path with little rabbit prints and suspected that the prints could have been made by none other than the time watchful hare, so off she set again on the trail. After a while, Alice got tired and found herself very badly lost in this magnificent jungle.. Deciding that she would get nowhere by staying in one place, she again went on her way. It only took her a few steps before she heard a strange song uttered at a distance by some high tenor male voice -- which sounded slightly high in scale as if he were floating on a cloud. She hurriedly walked towards the voices and soon found a small clearing in the trees where a table and chairs were set up with a thin short man dressed in a ruffled tux and top hat singing to his friend, the mouse who also had on a tux and top hat, while they both sloshed cups of tea in their bony hands.

Upon seeing her, they both exclaimed with delight how wonderful it was to have a new companion with which to share their tea with. They also had large pieces of fresh baked brownies upon the table which they invited Alice to partake of. "Come, sit with us," they said, "you will find, no better tea or brownies, in all the land as we add special ingredient." Alice daintely took a brownie in one hand and a cup of tea, in the other under the

watchful eyes of her companions. Warmth ran through her body; her head became as light as a cloud. "This definitely is a tea well to be in. I have never tasted such fine brownies nor such grand tea my fine providors. but tell me, what is your secret ingredient added to make one feel so fine?" asked Alice with a big smile on her face. "It is the leaves from a flower which grow in this area," replied the mouse. "We have a continuous tea because we enjoy it so." Whereupon both gentlemen sang with drunken delight for their new guest and proceeded to clean off the table as the two gentlemen and Alice danced upon it. After a while they were so tired that they had to lay upon the table to catch their breath. "It's these liberties that we like to take with a sweet young thing that shares our tea with us," stated the man as he jumped upon the ground and tidied up his clothes. Just then who should appear but that dirty hare from a nearby bush holding his watch and looking with eyes almost popping out of his head at Alice. He stated "I'm late; I'm late for a very important date," as he scampered past the trio into the forest. "Now I'll catch that peeping hare," stated Alice as she bolted after the rabbit smoothing out her dress. "Thank you very much," called Alice to the two back at the table, "for the delightful tea."

After running and running Alice thought she would never catch up with the rabbit, but ahead she could finally see something white moving and thought-- "Now, I have him." Only, she again came to a clearing and let her gaze fall upon a magnificent man riding upon a white horse. The man was dressed in white armor and held a white lance in his right hand while holding the horses reins in his left. He

came up to Alice and no-- the look of wonderment upon her face. "How do you do, my sweet I am the white knight," stated the man as he dismounted from his beautiful steed. "How do you do, I am Alice, you wouldn't have happened to have seen a pesky little rabbit run by here have you?" "As a matter of fact I did, he is going to the party of the Red Queen, my utmost enemy. You wouldn't be one of her subjects now would you? A sweet young thing like you?" asked, the knight. "No, not at all, in fact I have never heard of her before, but I would like to meet up with that rabbit. My, what a big lance you have, do you kill people with it?" "No,"-- answered the knight "as a matter of fact I make people with it." "Oh, now take me for a fool you cannot; Show Me.: And he did.

After Alice again left friendship behind she couldn't help but wonder what a strange and wonderful world this was. All around her there were flowers, bright green vines, and towering trees. As she was thinking about her past experiences and all of the new friends she had made she came upon a fine field of giant flowers with a magnificent scent. "This must be the flowers that the tea party men get their secret ingredient from," thought Alice. The deeper she went into the flower field the sleepier she got until she finally had to lay down and consequently fell into a deep sleep.

When in her slumber, the soldiers of the Red Queen found her and bore her away to their Queen. As soon as they left the field Alice awoke and found herself being carried by men made of cards. They all were of the suite of hearts bearing numbers. from ace to ten, and she thought how strange such a thing as this was. They kept up a steady march until they entered a castle made entirely out of hearts. It was a

very dubious aspect in the least. As she was carried to the Queen's quarters she could hear inside, the Queen's room various shouts pertaining to a fit of rage. At last the noise subsided and the doors threw open. She could see the Queen standing over her rabbit which was being held up by two tens of hearts. "That will teach you for bringing me bad tidings" the Queen stated to the rabbit. Then the two soldiers, drug out the rabbit by the ears and Alice could see blood flowing down the legs of the rabbit and the Queen laughing and holding a bloody stump in her delicate fingers. "Now I know why they call you the Red Queen," stated Alice under her breath.

"And what is this?" demanded the Queen. "We found this young thing in your poppie patch," stated the Queen in a gay voice. "Come here my dear, let me look upon your blonde hair, you are a natural blonde, aren't you?" asked the Queen to Alice. "Yes, naturally, and Alice showed the Queen by the only means possible. "My you are a natural blonde-- come, you must be tired, I'll show you where you can freshen up and rest a while, in my private quarters of course." After, Alice laid for a while thinking of the exchange she had had with the Queen. She decided that it was time for her to leave this land and wander home. "I just hope I'll be able to find this place again so I can bring my friends," Alice said to herself. It is so nice and free here, no real problems.

After Alice decided it was time to leave she dressed and went out of the Queens chamber only to run into a Jack of Hearts "Hello," said Alice to the Jack. "What rank are you under this system?" "I am Jack, the Queens own," stated Jack. "You must be

the Queen's new femme d'amour, aren't you?" "No -- not at all," answered Alice too quickly. "I was just leaving, hoping to find my way home." "I will show you the way home, my dearest; come to this window and look down." Alice did as she was bidden and leaned out of the window and looked down into the mote surrounding the castle. As soon as she did so then Jack thrust upon her with all of his might only to have Alice fall out of the window again.

She was falling down and as she hit the mote gave a startled scream. She awoke under the tree as the sun was setting and calmly stated, "What a trip!"

by paul schuman

* * * * *

TID-BITS OF WISDOM

The most powerful stream of water cannot add a drop to a vessel that is full --

Only the dispossessed fight for the dispossessed

False words becometh not a fool; nor do lying lips a prince --

Beware of the carrier of tales --

To be friends with a man, you must eat a pound of salt together --

A good man does not quarrel with anyone; does not attack anyone, nor use violence against anyone; on the contrary, he himself, without murmuring, bears violence; but by this very relation to violence he not only frees himself, but also the world from external power.

AN INSULT FOR INSULT = 2 INSULTS



NEWS FLASH NEWS FLASH



On November 1, of this year, a new half-way house was opened in Saskatoon. Located at 818 5th, Avenue North, the house is run by the Saskatoon John Howard Society. At an inmate committee meeting on November 25, Larry Jaeger and Dean Wright (Director of the House) of the John Howard Society, put forward the particulars of the new centre.

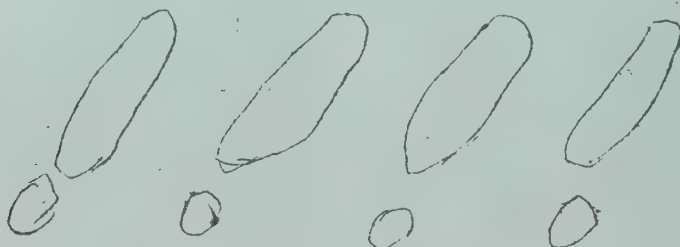
The centre will hold a maximum of five excons and will be able to handle two three guys on T.L.A's. which would involve giving them a place to sleep while out on their pass. As of yet there has been no set of rules made up as to the governing of the centre. For what it is worth Jarger and Wright implied that conditions would be quite loose.

When the idea for the centre was conceived it was outlined it would be education oriented, catering to those attending University, Trade School or Kelsey Insitute. These people will have priority but guys intending to go out and work will not necessarily be turned down.

We have been advised that anyone here interested in a day parole in Saskatoon should write to either Wright or Jaeger, stateing their case and asking their case and asking referral to the Parole Board. It just might increase your chances. All letters should be sent to 124 5th Ave, North, in Saskatoon, and the phone numbers are: 244-6060

244-8347

Tim Holt



UP AGAINST THE WALL

*chicken on Sunday
feathers the best of the week*

Cast:

Warden: From a Southern California Medium Security Joint

A/D Socking: A stern twenty year man

Stoner: A character from a Cheech and Chong record.

Committee Member: Straight faced liar, of some reputation.

Guard: Fortunate enough to make the bust on Stoner.

A typical Warden's court. There is gold trim all the wardens desk. On the south wall there is a picture of a recent hanging. On the west wall there is a book case type of affair with an unbreakable glass front that displays all of the weapons that have been confiscated since the beginning of this wardens term/ much to the Warden's pleasure.

A/D Sock: This charge sheet reads that you did have in your cell, therefore in your possession, on the 23rd. December, a five gallon container of brew, four bottles of Neat Lac, and three containers of plastic wood: all of which are classified as contraband extremely dangerous to the well being of the institution and good discipline. How do you plead?.

Stoner: Now wait a minute, what's that you are saying? Like man, you mean I'm charged, like with court and everything. Hey man, that's not cool you know.....

Warden: (disgusted) That is exactly how you stand. Now how do you plead?

Stoner: Far outman. Like far F....Out.

Warden: Watch yoyr mouth.

Stoner: Now man, don't get heavy. you will uncurl the hair on your chinny chin chin.

A/D Socks: That's enough. Now how do you plead????!!!

Stoner: I want a lawyer. Man I want a

Warden: NO LAWYER

Stoner: I want the ombudsman..I want the.....

Warden: NO OMBUDSMAN

Stoner: I want man, like someone to sit between me and you man, Like I mean I can tell how much you hate me, and I can, ahh you know what I mean, I can sense your bad vibes, if you know...what I mean...

Warden: THAT WILL DO STONER. ANOTHER REMARK LIKE THAT AND THE BALL GAME WILL BE OVER? Do you understand.

Stoner: Well man, will you ask him not to look at me all the time so I don't have to cringe, will you deputy?

Warden: I refuse to listen to this anymore. Better go get a committee member before I really blow me cool.

Guard goes and gets a committee member and then explains to him what is going on. He then talks to Stoner quietly.

Com Member: O Kay guy, just take it easy and follow my lead. I have got a lot of guys off this type of beif before so just follow my lead.

Stoner: Far out man. Cook baby, cook...man you got em, I got confidence in you. Just take it away.

Committee Member: Warden, now I know that the circumstances might look very bad for this man. As you know, warden this man has just got into the institution. He has not been in any kind of trouble before hasn't been caught..excuse me, I mean to date he has not done any other type of offense. Now i would not dare say he is niave but while he may know what these articles are for I am sure that they were placed in his cell while he was at the meal by an older con...I am not saying that he has not sniffed glue or drank brew either. From my conversation with him, I found that he has tasted brew on two occasions when someone handed it to him and he drank it thinking that it was coffee. And also on one occasion while he was at the carpenter shop he accidentally had a sniff of glue that was in the air while the work was going on. As a testimony of his sincerity I would like him to stand up and say these things in his own words.

Stoner: Don't worry man, I got this sucker in the bag, hmmmmmm.
zzzz zzzz zzzz zzzz

Com Member: Wake up...Stoner wake up!

Stoner: Heel, quit bothering me, like the man said, I drank brew on about 20 no, no I mean 2 occasions and 11 times I went over to the carpenter shop to sniff, NO No man, like once by accident.

Committee Member: Interrupts, Like you can see, my client has summed up his entire involvement.

Stoner: Hey man, cool it or you'll blow the whole thing.

Arguement between Stoner and the Committee Rep.

Stoner. I can tell him in my own words. Jesus, I don't need glue and brew. That's what I was trying to tell you all along. I don't need that crap.....Hell, man who needs that....After all, I am hooked on Tolowin

.....
.....

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Regret: Introduction To Prisoners; Rights
An American Civil Liberties Union Publication

As an institution our penal and "corrections" system is an abject failure. The conditions in America's jails and prisons virtually ensure psychological impairment and physical deterioration to thousands of men and women every year. Reformation and rehabilitation is rhetoric; systematic dehumanization is reality. Public attention is directed only sporadically towards the subhuman conditions that prevail in these institutions, and usually only because the prisoners themselves have risked many more years of confinement and in some cases, their lives, to dramatize the situation by protest. Attica was but one example of the undercurrent of tension, hatred, and hostility that threatens to rep apart the uneasy rule by fear which prevails in most institutions today.

It was not until the nineteenth century that the use of prisons became widespread. Until the middle of the eighteenth century European penology was motivated primarily by retribution and punishment. Most crimes are dealt with by corporal punishment and a great many by execution. Imprisonment was thought to be a deterrent (an idea still prevalent today although no objective criterion has established this point) and was considered more humane than corporal punishment. More over, prisons were also built with the idea of reformation the penitentiary was a place intended to serve for reflection in solitude leading to repentance and redemption. But the prisons only served to punish physically and mentally in reality. Supported by court adopted theories that the prisoners were in fact slaves to the state, prison administrators had absolute free reign to abuse their inmates as they wished. There was no question of prisoners "Rights."¹

The courts concurred in the notion of incarceration in prison was for punishment and adopted a hands-off policy which prevented the prisoners from securing any rights except those few that the jailers allowed. Few prisons, including lawyers attempted to challenge the policy. This abdication of judicial responsibility reinforced the status quo of prison life and, because no other political or social institution responded to the prisoners complaints, the penal system became isolated from the public scrutiny.

The practical effect of the hands off policy was to place all decisions concerning internal affairs of the prison within the discretion of the prison officials, no matter how arbitrary and inhuman the results. The court continually deferred to the so-called expertise of the prison administration, in refusing to hear complaints by prisoners concerning the violation of their most fundamental rights.

The hands-off policy is slowly being replaced by a judicial attitude that seeks to eliminate the major abuses suffered by the prisoners. But despite substantial legal victories over the past decade, only with respect to major abuses and severe punishment. The erosion of the hands-off policy has hardly resulted in judicial activism. Even the liberal courts to confront what one commentator has termed "the central evil of prison life." The unreviewed administrative discretion granted the poorly trained personnel who deal directly with prisoners. Moreover, even those rights which are now guaranteed by the courts are illusory for many prisoners.

Implementation and enforcement of these rights which appear on paper are often in reality denied. Compared to most legal areas, the number of decisions involving prisoners' rights is small, reflecting not only the very recent change in the attitude of the courts concerning the responsibilities to ensure human rights of the prisoners, but also the harsh reality that only a few prisoners have the money and the courage to challenge the actions of their keepers.

The relatively small number of cases discussed, while representative of the types of complaints that the prisoners have does not accurately present the number of prisoners who are denied daily, their constitutional rights. Even now, as the knowledge of rights grow among prisoners, the court dockets show a marked increase in prisoners-rights cases. Whether the courts will meet the challenge and establish a rule of law for prisoners consistant with human rights remains to be seen. If they do not, however, we should not expect the prisoners will agree to continue suffering under inhumane conditions for they, too, understand the politics and dynamics of the penal system. If legal relief is not provided, other, less-peaceful attempts at securing rights will surely follow.

* * * * *

A young boy wrote his father in the PA Pen at Christmas and asked what a dragon is. Following is the reply:

Dear Son:

There are bad dragons and there are good dragons but ALL dragons live within the heart. A bad dragon will loom up on a misty mountaintop, raging and snorting fire while a good dragon leaps gracefully from the mountain to ride the clouds upon the soft velvet of the wind.

I would say a nice dragon, your dragon, would have a purple tail, with a soft orange tip with two BIG blue eyes. Across its back would be a touch of green and blue and a spot of black to bridge the two. Its head and neck would be soft and fluffy, the type little boys like to climb and hug. It would laugh, love and play and only breathe a warm fire at the sound of reindeer bells as it warmed and lighted Santa's way toward the chimneys of little boys like my son, a young boy, BAD dragons never DARE approach.

God sees to that!

Love Always,
Dad

* * * * *

ALCOHOLICS UNNANIMOUS

The cons are once again forging ahead in an effort to outdo the administration with a new alcoholics group. This new group; U-boose, is chained by a very sharp con who has had his life ruined by alcohol, mainly, Rut Beer and Dr. Pepper. he has vowed to uphold the tryany that insiduous boose has created.

The outside sends its help in the form of the once notorious Farmer "Highpower" Alki, who, with his tried, tested, and proven ramp program and the help of higher powers at his command, seeks to befuddle, and command the poor helpless straights, such as they may be, into the paths of perpetual bliss.

The third member of the big three has impressive credentials sometimes known as confusion. He performs many useful services, as tipping off the Club when brews have been captured. Further, he looses all charge sheets.

Madame LaRue, of Parliment Hill has pledged her support. The group has also made plans to have informal discussions with Seagrams Distilleries. The group has also invited such world renoun figures as, The Happy Hooker, Beautiful Bottom and Mr. Rubby to come and give them guest lectures and to participate in the program. Other planned quests are Timothy Leary, Mick Jagger, Abbie Hoffman, Gerrie Rubin, Bernadine Dohrn, who will speak on such topics as "Society, A Tool For Rehabilitation".

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP. MEETING WILL BE HELD PLUTERDAY.

Ace reporter
Underground
Inside Crooked
Outside Straight.

*I'm just here
for the Beer!*

Staks

THE ASP AND THE WILLOW

by: Tom Goodal

.....because the phrase "the pen is mightier than the sword" was coined prior to the invention of the electric pencil sharpener, kindly disregard all literature that pertains to the virtues of decency and fair-play. There is no reason above man's that can help him, and no vengeance but his own.....

"The Asp came out from the stone of authority, crusading his freedom of choice, in confrontation with established justice. He came bearing a truism against the love of servitude, marching knee-deep in the bones of his ancestors, cursing aloud, "There is a place where man's law stops and where just being a man begins."

"The willow came out from the drunken opiate furoughs of an overlooked culture. He came dissillussioned, naive, unprepared to be self sufficient within a complex society, without competitive competence. He came scared, in fear of God and State, saying softly, "How in an age of supersonic travel, ultramodern convenience, instant this and that, how can anyone learn patience?"

"Prison is a compost pile; a heap of societies misfits and failures, there rejected and left to rot in their own corruption. Prison is a result of a ludicrous system; a garden of evil, fertilized by a subjective interpretation of feelings and thoughts, growing paranoia in preverted plots, blossoming into an inverted logic.....Prison, depriving man of reality, the right to assume the normal functions of human behavior is not the intended altar of rehabilitation but God's creed for penitence and the State's need for penitentiaries. BOTH, A DECAYING SHRINE TO JUSTICE!

Anyone INTERESTED in the M-2 PROGRAM give your name to WALLY DUROCHER, I will be sitting in the dome during supper hour MONDAY through FRIDAY!!!!!!!



CHRISTMAS CONCERT

This year we were treated to a mixed slate from go-go to, strong man. There was a lot of music, most of it very good and well worth listening to. The bands ranged from Western to heavy rock. Or what ever they call that ear-splitting nerve shattering stuff. There was a little blues as well, for the special listener.

The drama club put on a very serious play that metted a lot of laughs. Tilden, the heavy weight had a heavy time, but the punch-drunk Mayor came through with shinning colours. Mention should go to Chico Santana for his efforts in painting the props.

For one I was most impressed at Ed Ramsay's display. Tough guy, he can also run. I thought I'd have a little race with him and as it turned out I should have waited until someone had hit him with a sledge hammer again. I was reading an Old PathFinder (the former joint paper) and this is not the first time Ed has done this sort of thing. It was a renewed act from the sixties. I had thought that he was at least getting a little old but it appears that he will outlast many of us youngsters'.

Now for the act that I really enjoyed. Would all dirty old Men join me in thanking cute go-goer that did such a splendid job of wiggling her hips. Though some psycho got on the afor stage at the same time he did not distract from the beautiful performance.

Now, one might be inclined to say that this was not as good as the Tommy Hunter Show or what ever. As far as amateur performance this was a fine show. I for one enjoyed it and while there was places that it could have been improved this is always easier to see after the fact than while putting the show on or before. I would like to thank the people that put on the show.

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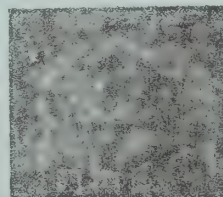
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THE NATIVE STRUGGLE

by: Gil Pastion

There must be some solutions to the Native injustices in Canada. The only way that these difficulties can be solved is through revolution. The A.I.M. (American Indian Movement) seeks international support to get nationalization. If they seek revolution they must organize properly a political organization to re-establish Native History. The only way that it can be done is through the support of professional revolutionaries.

The Native people have a history. Yet this history is not to be found in the Canadian or American writings. The only way that this history can be found is when AIM has nationalization. Those who support AIM must do so more actively and must support them in their quest for nationalization. When beginning to struggle you should have some idea what you are getting into. When the Native people picked up guns at Wounded Knee they wanted the land returned. Those that presently support the Native people will turn away when they hear demands for land.

All of us must struggle against capitalism. The native people are struggling against capitalism. Certainly they are. They must! They have been a vicious victim of capitalism. It is on their land that the most powerful imperial system has been built at their very expense. Of course, they struggle against it whether they are conscious of it or not. Both the Native and the Black are struggling to build a socialistic system. Poor whites also share the same struggle however the difference between the Native and the White is that the White is not conscious of their oppression. As the objective conditions in this country build the poor white too, will be aware of his oppression.

Every country embodies an ideology and this country is no exception. Ideology affects everyone. Revolution takes place when the people become aware of the forces against them. For example, a few years ago many Native Black, and White people went to Vietnam to fight a war. Some of them believed really that they were fighting for the good guys. Fighting against terrorism when in fact they were fighting in the interest of American Capitalism. We have the responsibility to understand the forces at work against us. Capitalism has been the major contributor to the havoc in the world today. It is a system that preaches the acquisition of wealth by any means. It is the system that has decimated the native people in this land. If AIM wants the land, revolution might be the only answer. There must be an attack on the values or else the system remains in tact. A revolutionary seeks to destroy an old system to replace it with a new system. A revolution takes preplanning. Effort must be made in order to make the revolution success. In order for a revolution to be successful it must promise to benefit to the big majority and try only to replace the corrupt

continued next

minority at the top. Capitalism leveled the guns at Wounded Knee. It too has placed men in prison. I personally and each and every one of you has suffered at the hands of Capitalism. We must join together in an effort to replace the corrupt system in power. I pledge my help to AIM because right now it seems to be the only group that is dedicated to the establishment of a better system.

I know that my brother will win. I urge them to return our traditional Indian ways including the ancient religions and methods of education and continue the struggle.



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FOUR LETTER WORDS

poetic justice.

Bannish the use of four letter words
whose meaning are never obscure,
The Angles and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the weak-kneed phrase
That never quite says what you mean.
Far better you stick to your hypocrit ways,
than be vulgar, course and obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out
When the ladies, God bless them, are milling about
You make water, wee-wee, or empty the glass,
You can powder your nose, "Excuse me mat pass;
Shake the dew off the lily, see a man about a dog,
Or when everyone's soused, its condensing the fog,
But be pleased to consider and remember just this
That only in Shakespear do characters ----

You may speak of a movement or sit on a seat,
Have a passage, a stool, or simply excerete,
Or say to others, I'm going out back,
Then gron in pure joy in that smelly old shack,
You can lay a cable, or do number two,
Or sit on the toidy and do-do
But ladies or men who are socially fit
Under no provocation will go take a ----

When your dinners are hearty with onions and beans
With galic and calret and bacon and beans
Your bowells get so busy distilling the gas
That nature insists that you allow it to pass
You are very polite, you try to exhale,
Without noise or odor, you frequently fail
Expecting a zephyry, you carefully start,
But even a deaf one would call it a ----

A woman has bossoms, a bust or a breast,
Those lily white swellings that bulge neath her vest,
They are towers of ivory, sheathes of new wheat;
In a moment of passion ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as small rings of fire
With hardly a question of raising her ire,
But by Rabeliasis' beard, she'll throw fifteen fits
If you speak of them roundly, and call them good honest ----

Banish the use of four letter words,
Whose meanings are never obscure,
The Angel and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,
Were vulgar obscene, and impure.
But cherish the use of the weak-kneed phraze
That never quite says what you mean,
Far better you stick to your hypocrit ways
Then be vulgar, course, and obscene.



HELP!
I AM BEING
HELD AGAINST
MY WILL

The staff of Off The Wall would like to take this opportunity to extend its thanks to a small group of inmates that has put up a lot of effort to make things better for us. So we would like to extend the Thanks of the entire inmate body to the dedicated crew, headed by Tom Goodal that run the prison bake shop. We appreciate your efforts!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

* * * * *

A number of interesting situations have turned up during the past two months that would be of interest to the inmate but don't seem to get told. Because of a lack of space in this issue I will not be able to publish an article on matters however they should not go unmentioned. Caution if you plan to write to any other prison administration, concerning transfers, lost effects, missing hobby after a transfer, or what have you. Doesn't matter what the business but information suggests that the letter will be sent from the censors to the administration area where a representative of the administration will then add his comments. Oh well, just another indication that it is not thought that we can handle our own affairs.

Another point that warrants much mention. Education! It appears that the programs that were available a few years back, are no longer supported by the powers that be. One example of this surrounds the completion of University extensions courses. An interview with the school department indicated that "One Person" maybe was doing University correspondence courses. An interview with the "One Maybe" discovered that he was forced to terminate his courses because of lack of assistance. He was unable to obtain reference material, as well as many other problems that arose because of the bureaucratic system.

While some may be sure that 1984 is upon us be reassured for Big Brother is only Peeking.

* * * * *

"A word is worth one coin; silence is worth two."

The Talmud

* * * * *

"That which is past and gone is irrevocable . . .

Wise men have enough to do with things present
and to come."

--Francis Bacon

* * * * *

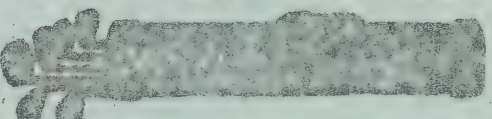
Smile -- Someone Needs It

Advice To Married Couples

"On love and marriage there's just one thing
Lady! if you are married, wear that ring!!!!"

NOTE: THE FOLLOWING LETTER WAS C E N S O R E D

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1194 CENTRAL — PRINCE ALBERT

Dear Abby:

I have never been certain just what colour best suits me. I try to dress up nicely, for my old man so that he will get into the right mood and really enjoy himself. I am afraid that no matter what colour I am decked in he never seems satisfied. Can you help me?

Signed: Dress Depressed

Dear Dress:

The problem very obviously lies with your old man. He should not worry about your dress, but rather about how to undress.

Abby.

Dear Abby:

I love my old man very much. I said that he is very mean. He always treats me like a whore in public. He sells me to other men for six bails. He never gives me anything and I don't even have enough tobacco to smoke. I love him very much and do not want to leave him. Can you help me?

Signed: Shabby

Dear Shabby:

I can not really understand your problem. You say that he treats you like a whore....then you say that you sell it for six bails. Under those circumstances I would be Glad that he did not treat you like a CHEAP WHORE.

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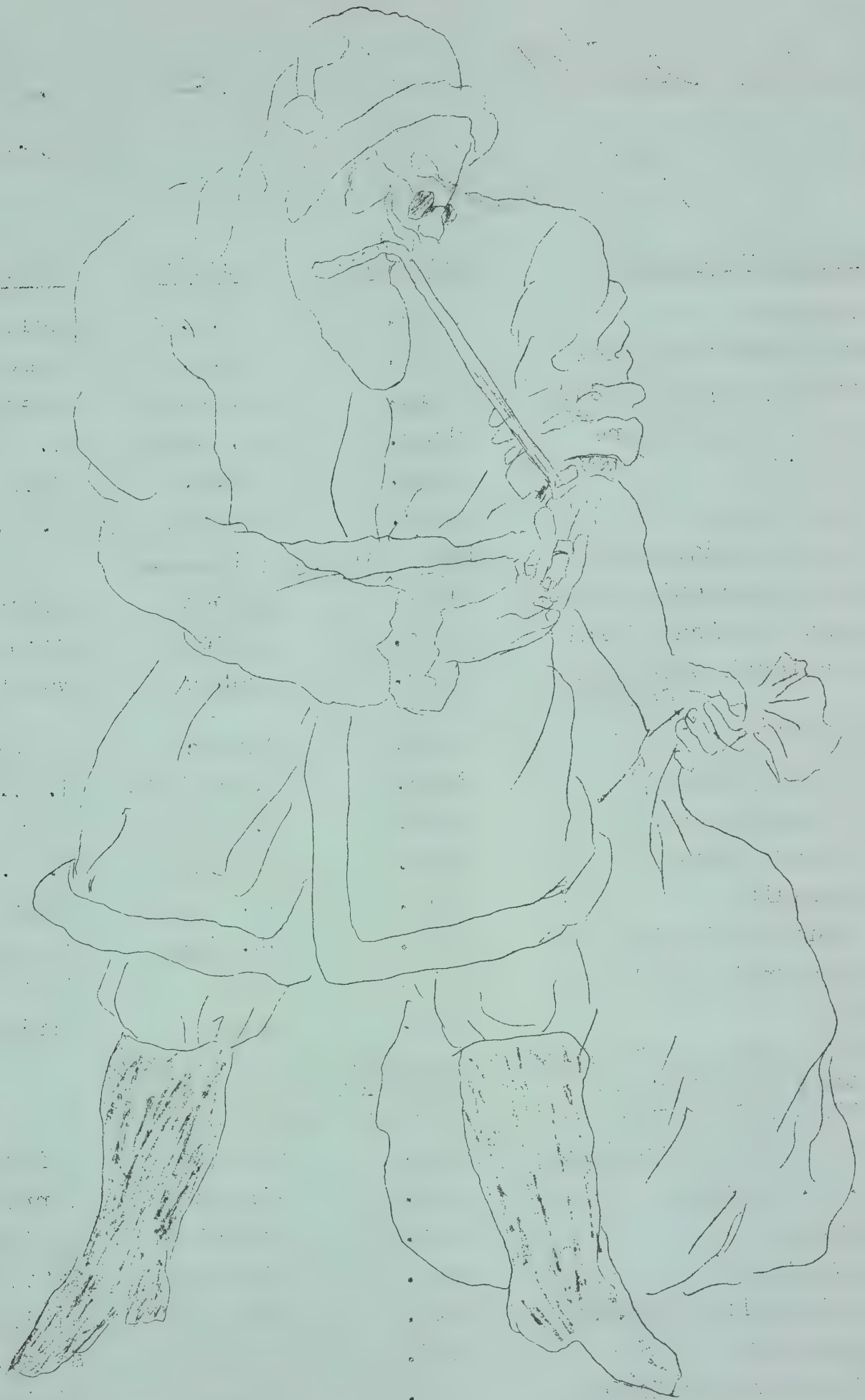
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Abby



Canada Tour Guide!

Bring
Some
Place?
==

<u>Institutional Name</u>	<u>Security</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Rating</u>
Dorchester	Max.	N.B.	well????
Dorchester Farm Annex	Min.	N.B.	same as
Dungarvon Forestry Camp	Min.	St. John	trees...
The Parr Town Centre*	Spec.	St. John	H. W. H.
Springhill	Med.	N.S.	fair
Carlton Centre	Spec.	Halifax	H. W. H.
Regional Headquarters	does not house inmates		
Regional Reception Centre	Max.	Quebec	blaahhhh
Regional Medical Clinic	Spec.	Quebec	good god
Correctional Developement Centre	Spec.	Quebec	who know
Cowansville	Med.	Quebec	alright
Montee St, Francis	Spec.	V. de LaV.	H. W. H.
Laval Institution	Med.	V. d LaV	learn fr
St. Hubert Centre	Spec.	Montreal	H. W. H.
Archambault	Max.	St. Anne	hardcase
St. Anne des Plaines	Min.	St. Anne	alright
Federal Training Centre	Min.	Laval	?????????
LeClaire	Med.	Laval	alright
Correctional Staff College	does not house inmates		
Regional Headquarters	does not house inmates		
Regional Stores -Ontario	does not house inmates		
Regional Reception Centre	Spec.	Kingston	orient..
R. M. C. Ontario	Spec.	Kingston	terrible
Workworth	Med.	Ontario	alright
Joyceville	Med.	Kingston	?????????
Joyceville Farm Annex	Min.	Kingston	alright
Collins Bay	Med.	Kingston	so so...
Collins Bay Farm Annex	Min.	Kingston	alright.

continued next page

<u>Institution</u>	<u>Security</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Rating</u>
The Portsmouth Centre	Spec.	Kingston	Jazzy
Beaver Creek Correc. Camp	Min.	Gravenhurst	Beavers
Landry Crossing Cor. Ca,p	Min	Petawana	Nice
Montgomery Centre	Min.	Toronto	H.W.H.
Millhaven	Max.	Bath, Ont.	Horrors!
Millhaven Annex	Min.	Bath, Ont.	Alright
Prison for Women	Max.	Kingston	Who knows?
Correctional Staff College	does not house inmates	(Kingston)	
Stoney Mountain	Med.	S. Mtn.	Middlin'
Stoney Mt. Farm Annex	Min.	S. Mtn.	Fair
The Osborne Centre	Spec.	Winnipeg	H.W.H.
Saskatchewan Pen.	Max.	P.A.	Okay
Saskatchewan Farm Annex	Min.	P.A.	Alright
Oskana Centre	Spec.	Regina	H.W.H.
Grierson Centre	Spec.	Edmonton	H.W.H.
Scarboro Centre	Spec.	Calgary	H.W.H.
Drumheller	Med.	Drum.	Alright
Bowden	Med.	In'ville.	Fair
Region HQ Vancouver	does not house inmates		
Region M. Centre	Spec.	Ab'ford.	Horrors!
BC Pen	Min.	New W. BC	Ugh!!!!
WilliamHead	Min.	Victoria	Fantastic!
Agaziz	Min.	B.C.	Who knows?
Mountain Prison	Min.	Agassiz	No comment
Matsqui	Med.	A'ford BC	No comment
Correc. Staff College	does not house inmates	BC	
West Ga. Centre	Spec.	V'couver	H.W.H.
The Burrard Centre	Spec.	V'couver	H.W.H.
Ferndale Inst.	Med.	BC	???????
The Pandora Centre	Spec.	Victoria	H.W.H.
Regional Stores	does not house inmates	BC	
Mission City	Med.	BC	Brand New

crossword No. 5

By Cecil Burnett

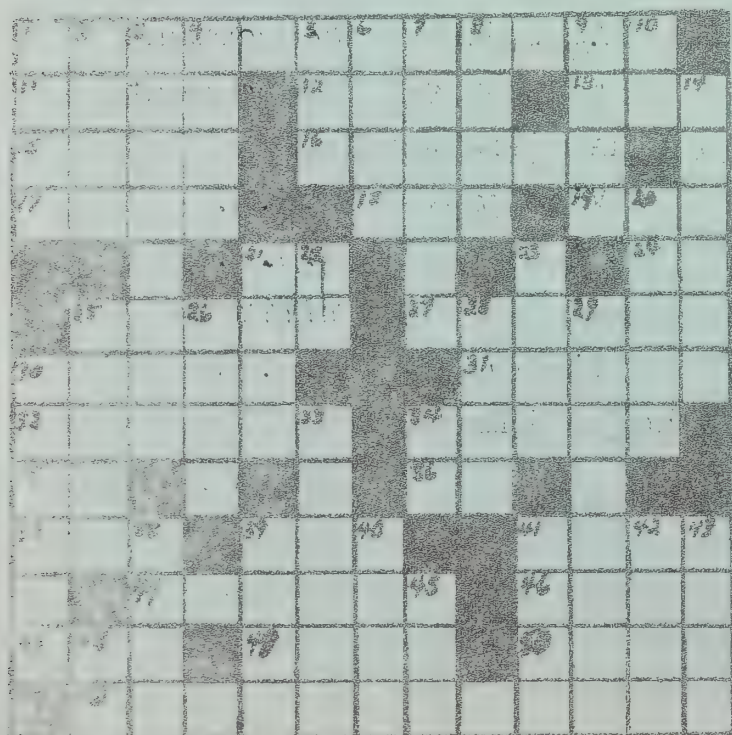
ACROSS

1. formation of vapor
11. a race of Semites
12. apartment
13. consumed
15. Roman tyrant
16. confesses
17. Italian family
18. helps
19. extrasensory perception
21. University degree (Latin... abbreviation)
24. Ma's partner
25. tea, a kind of
27. a servant
30. a scolding, evil-tempered woman
31. facial hair
32. resulting in loss
34. a trap
35. preposition
36. myself
37. also
38. a meadow
41. a Dutch cheese
44. dresses up
46. to beget

47. female appellation
49. against
50. to move upon a sea
51. having much experience and great skill in a role.

DOWN

1. weathercock
2. Greek god of war
3. business associates
4. a musical instrument
5. epoch
6. sodium carbonate
7. "Let's go!" "I'm _____!"
8. male appellation
9. instance
10. and (Latin)
14. to spread out
20. baseball for instance
21. planted
22. exist
23. length times width
25. snapshot
26. a large vat to hold cloth for bleaching, boiling, etc.
28. skilled
29. a native of our country
30. abuses
33. a famous Canadian skier
34. afternoon
38. Old Persia (abbreviation)
39. a part of tree
40. picnic pests
41. another name for Imperial Oil Company
42. melody
43. mix
45. female relative (abbrev.)
48. to the sky



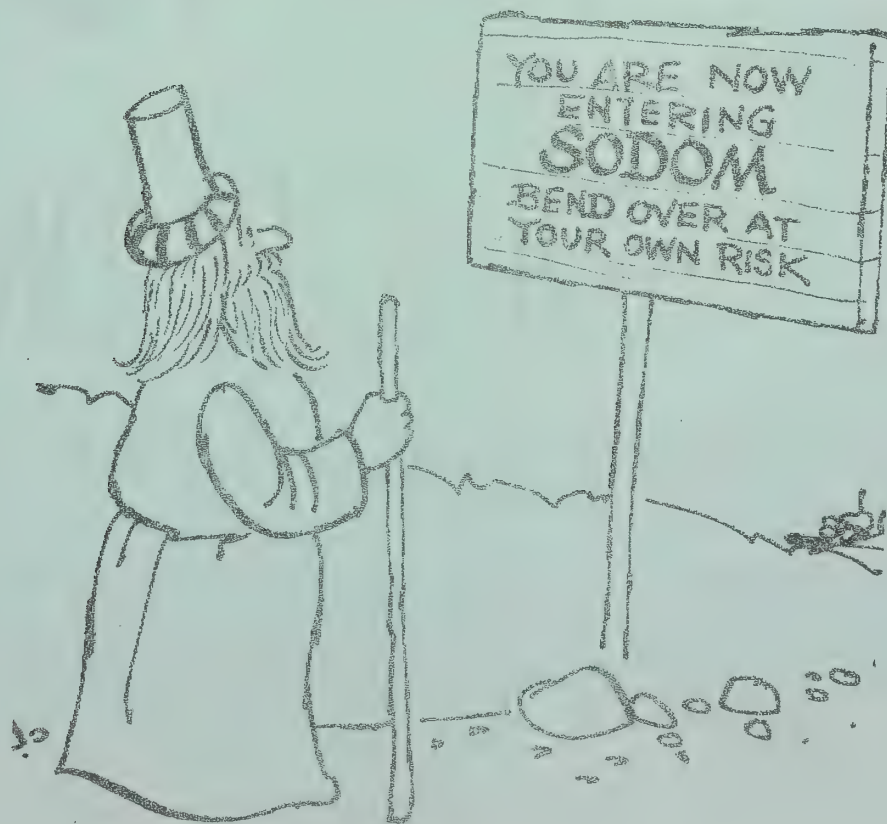
ANSWER

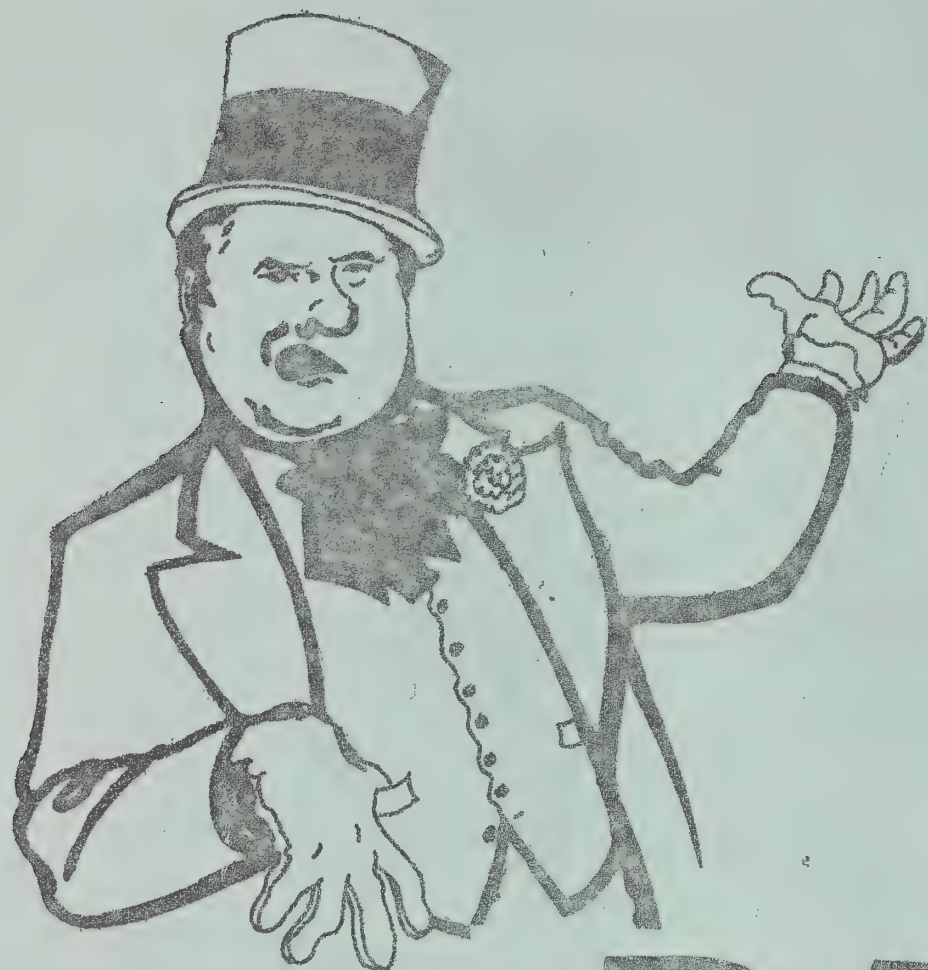
ON

PAGE



"Say there, Tonto, why don't you take off those hot buckskins, and put on that nice loincloth I gave you for your birthday?"





RACEY

RUMORMONGER

Racey may be limping this week, and let me tell you that it has absolutely nothing to do with a "limp" wrist, so that rumor shall stop before it starts.

A lot has been happening, with Christmas beer, I mean cheer, and we were looking to some real juicy ones this year. It is said that Peter Kahan was looking for some trainer skates so that he could learn the fine art of gliding over sheet

ice. Further questions pointee out that Peter was planning on bringing a proposal to Committee where they would buy a few pairs of these trainer skates. All was going well, until someone asked Peter just what he meant by 'trainer skates' and it turned out that he was looking for skates that had two blades. Oh well, Peter dear, it looks as if you are going to have to learn to skate the hard way.

The crazy has had a great deal of misfortune befall him. If I am not mistakes this is his fourth pinch. That in itself is not too hard to believe but it gets a little trying when we learn that it has been with four different lads.

Rumour has it that the Walla Walla gang has settled in for a long story. Jeeze thats tough boys, but at least they are cute.

Flying wessal was advanceing towards bitter rabbit. If you have trouble figuring that one out, ask Tri Plane.

While some of us had higher aspirations for the pair in question, I am very sad to say that Wayne M. and Al D. are also with it, so alas poor lassies, the last basteel of straights has been felled. What mountains are left to climb.

For a long time there has been a rumor that Racey is as the rest of you. Well at this time I would like to print a message from her boyfriend. He says "any such aligations, are entirely false." So there you have it. Have a gay New Year boys.

What is big, beautiful and has front teeth? Answer next issue.

Could it be that blondes have more fun because they don't get pregnant. Now, for the real score on this please talk to Eddie with no hair.

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"A" League Hockey Standings

Player	Goals	Asst.	Points
Norton	16	13	29
Louison (Nationals)	9	10	19
Brass	12	6	18
Louison	10	7	17
Wapass	7	8	15
Makokis	8	5	13
Arnott	5	8	13
Stonechild	8	4	12
R. Cote	8	4	12
Johns	5	7	12
W. Cote	5	4	9
Severight	6	2	8
K. Baker	3	4	7
Alexson	2	5	7
Graham	5	1	6
Mackinaw	5	1	6
Perras	4	2	6
Sinclair	5	0	5
Ananaskan	4	1	5
Osborne	3	2	5
Fiddler	3	1	4
Johnson	2	1	3
Gaddie	2	1	3
Omalasoo	1	2	3
Brydon	1	2	3
Reid	1	2	3
Ship	2	0	2
Grant	0	2	2
Mayfield	0	2	2
Wardman	1	0	1
White	1	0	1
Wolfe	1	0	1
Mitchell	1	0	1
O.J.	0	1	1

Team Standings After 13 Games

Team	Played	Win	Tie	Loss	Points
Nationals	9	5	1	3	11
Selects	9	5	0	4	10
Chargers	8	2	1	5	5



"B" League Hockey Standings

<u>Player</u>	<u>Goals</u>	<u>Asst.</u>	<u>Points</u>
Dodson	7	9	16
Lloyd	7	9	16
S. Stonechild	10	5	15
Pewan	7	5	12
Redstar	8	2	10
Swain	6	4	10
Papequash	7	2	9
Martell	3	5	8
Reed	6	1	7
Lee	4	3	7
Evinin	4	3	7
Dixson	3	4	7
Moyah	4	2	6
Cachene	5	1	6
Pastion	3	3	6
Mailhot	1	4	5
White	2	2	4
Schofield	3	1	4
Pow	3	1	4
Akan	3	0	3
Wilkes	2	1	3
Fidler	1	2	3
Goforth	0	3	3
Beaushaw	1	1	2
Laschuck	0	1	1
Sakamoose	1	0	1
Gagon	0	1	1
Payou	0	1	1
Smith	1	0	1
Edwards	0	1	1

Team Standings After 12 Games

<u>Team</u>	<u>Played</u>	<u>Win</u>	<u>Tie</u>	<u>Loss</u>	<u>Points</u>
Moses	7	6	0	1	12
Hawks	8	5	0	3	10
Northern Lights	8	0	0	8	0

As part of a clean-up campaign, the mayor of New York set up a special trash can in Times Square and had it wired for sound. A small transmitter-reciever was hidden in the can, with an operator with a mike stationed in a window overlooking the square.

Several intrigued reporters were watching when a lady threw an old newspaper on the sidewalk. The trash can admonished her, "That's not the way to keep New York clean, lady. What's your name?"

The lady shot a startled look at the can, then snapped, "I don't talk to trash cans" - and strode away.

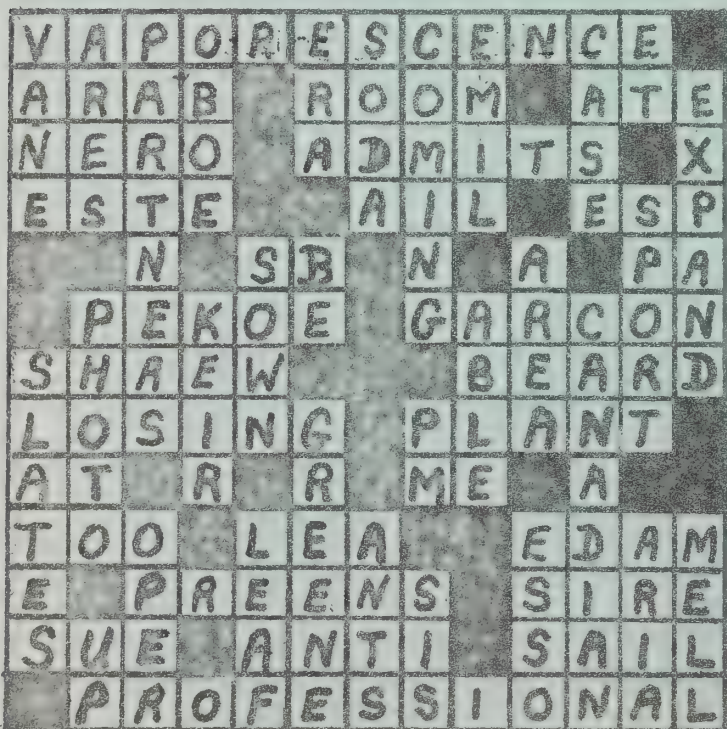
An English hunter was beating his way through the thick bushes when he suddenly came upon a lovely girl taking a sun bath. "A thousand pardons and all that sort of thing," he stammered. "I'm looking for game." The girl smiled and said, "I'm game". So he shot her.

From a rural district of England comes the story of a driver of a small sedan braking hastily as the tweedy mistress of the largest estate thereabouts came hurtling around a sharp bend in the narrow road in her large Rolls. Before he could say a word, she shouted "PIG" and drove on. "Fat Old Cow," he cried after her in retaliation.

Then he drove around the bend himself - and crashed head-on into the biggest pig he had ever seen.

A Newfoundlander returned home from a country fair with a large sparkling diamond ring. "Do you reckon that that diamond is genuine?" asked his wife. "If it ain't," answered the husband, "I've been stung for a dollar and a half."

A lush went into a bar and told the bartender that he could name the ingredients in any drink made. The barkeep didn't believe him so they made a bet. Blindfolding the lush so he couldn't see what was going on. The bartender was amazed and bet the lush he couldn't do it again. This time he handed the lush a glass of plain water. The lush tasted it a couple of times and said, "You've got me pal, but I bet you don't sell much of it."



Answers to the crossword on
PAGE

I DON'T WANT AN EASY STRUGGLE

by Gil Pastion

To various Native Organizations within our national Society, it is my great pleasure to elicit my general outline on the native injustices in this country, and a few of my formal accounts of the facts how the Native should organize properly and increase forces against the oppressor.

However, there will be some difficulties for me to give the exact problems on the Native injustices, but I will try to explain the precise objective in this documented account of the native injustices within our national society. The native people have a sense of injustice, the isolated individual poses little threat to the system. The native injustices would become crucial when it is widespread among members of society and when it becomes organized properly so that it will have a sustained impact. The Native leaders must not struggle with violent, because it will only bring the struggle more difficult position.

The native people must understand it is not a question of quantity in the struggle, but it is a question of quality. One of the native leaders must make progress when one makes a qualitatively better move. The native people represent quality in its most provocative form -- truth. The truth is that the land belongs to the native people, and any questions someone wants to deal with must proceed only from that reality.

In the struggle truth must be dealt with. The fact about truth, truth may be very bitter, but the native people must deal with it, they must embrace it and work with it. If they try to deny it, they will be crushed to the earth, but if they work with it, they will be able to work their way towards liberation. Truth is a terrible weapon in the struggle.

The native people know in accordance with a sense of injustice against them in this country, with respects to the economic, moral, political, or social order, for which the government is assumed to be at least partially responsible.

The native people must understand, the struggle, of course, it is not all easy, it is very tough to be sidetracked from the struggle, in this country it is very easy to be sidetracked onto so many different issues, be it romantic, adventurous, or just ego-tripping.

Struggle is very difficult, I don't want an easy struggle, I couldn't use one because I come from a struggling people. Since I have realized that, my whole life has been a struggle against a capitalistic system of oppression, and I have the responsibility to direct the rest of my life to continue

STRUGGLE -- cont'd.

struggling against it. The Native people must focus their organization on the entire system rather than on the particular office holder or policy, and they must choose to organize or improve the existing organization, and attempting to expand participation in the struggle by recruiting additional supporters, or opting for non-violent. The Native people must have complete understanding what goals they want to achieve. Which the struggle is directed, categorized in terms of increasing challenge to the authority system that includes struggle to policies or specific personal, and struggle aimed at transforming the entire system of authority.

I understand that the Native people have a history that they are proud of. Those that support the struggle must understand history in order for them to understand the relationship, with which they deal with the Native people. The Native people have a sense of dignity, and to those of you who are to support AIM, you must understand that sense of dignity. The Native people have a struggle in which only AIM can lead the rest of us can and must support.

But those who choose to support AIM, must also choose to resist the authority, and whether to escalate your resistance.

I tell you if you observe society very carefully, you will soon find out that the society is on the threshold of the destruction. Soon the revolution will take place, because there are so many injustices within our National society and the corrupt system. Though there is a lot of difficulties in a revolutionary struggle, but it must be a deal with dignity and ethics. A revolutionary struggle is not easy, that is why it is so important for the Native leaders to improve their ideology and leadership.

The Native people must understand that Capitalism is a backward system, because it pushes people backwards. The way to make money is to push up the prices and put down the quality and quantity of the goods. America, the industrialized advanced country in the world, is going backwards in its products.

If the Native people fail to understand this, they themselves running after profit and think that that is what the struggle is all about. If the Native people are not careful they might give them some money and tell them to join the American system. The Native might agree.

AIM must not fight for money. It is not profit. They must fight for something far greater than that. MAN'S HUMANITY.. Man, not money is the prime moving force. Capitalism has a backward belief in the nature of man, because it believes that man is basically selfish, greedy, and bad.

But I say that man is not basically evil, man is not basically bad or good. Man is made up of confronting opposites, it

STRUGGLE -- conclusion

is the pposites in conflict with one another that produces, the dynamism of life. Man is, like all things, a contradiction of opposing forces. Depending upon how the society is organized, it will either draw forth the negative characteristics of man or draw forth the positive characteristics of man. America, being a backward society, illicitly the negative attributes of man; that is why it is so important for, AIM to understand the necessity of constantly pushing for the positive. The Native people must understand that the most important part of the struggle is, however, that it embodies the principle of the struggle against capitalism. They must seek in the struggle a reduced facimile, an essay, a preparation for the great final upheaval. The notion of the struggle keeps the AIM spirit alive and visible. It will serve as a suitable means by which the principles of socialism can effectively be represented to the masses.

A revolutionary sometimes takes a decade or more, however, if successful the revolutionist will be reforming society at large, introducing new structures, and molding a new citizenry. All the instruments of opinion formation are taken away by the revolutionist for revolutionary aims. Typically, there emerges a concept of a revolutionary "new man" and "new woman" whose selfless dedication to the revolution is combined with a willingness to accept direction from its leaders. If the revolution fails to reconstruct the fundamental principals of a society, then the losers may be incarcerated, or top leaders may be executed and lesser punishment for mass followers.

If the Native leaders fail to understand this, they will get sidetracked from the struggle. The Native leaders are to challenge consistently and everyday. They must challenge the Government through the struggle. They must be honest to the public. They must organize a non-violent revolutionary party if they want the struggle to be successful. I am telling the Native people across North America to continue the struggle against the oppressor. My poentnial is freedom and equality for the native people and the black people and the poor whites, because my freedom depends upon freedom for all these people.

Gil Pastion . . .

* * * * *
*
* ". . . no government, even the most tyrannical,
* is immune from non-violent resistance in the hands
* of determined and fearless men. No power on earth
* can resist the aroused consciences of men once they
* are disciplined and prepared to die for their beliefs."
*
* (Robert Payne writing in "THE LIFE AND
* DEATH OF MAHATMA GANDHI," E.P. Dutton
* and Co., Inc., New York (1969))
* * * * *



BAD TIME

Felled in the line of duty by a gunman's rod

You have gone to the happy doghouse in the sky,
Remembering the reverse of God is Dog.....

We bless the ground beneath which you lie.

Nothing about you was lacking or defective,

Afforded the chance you might have made detective,
So, here's to your doggedness and powers nasal!

You had a bigger send-off than King Faisal.

Terry Forsythe-75

By Guy Demarino
Southern News Service

OTTAWA--In a landmark decision likely to result in penitentiary regulation changes, the federal court has ruled that solitary confinement, at least as practiced in the B.C. Pen is a cruel and unusual treatment contrary to the Canadian Bill of Rights.

In a fifty-six page judgement released Tuesday, Mr. Justice Darrel Heald also found the placing of prisoners in such solitary confinement "serves no real penal purpose" and, even if it did, would still be contrary to public standards of decency, propriety, and be unnecessary.

He did not suggest the abolishing of segregation of dangerous and unpredictable prison inmates from other convicts but recommended the adoption of more humane, more realistic program of dissociation.

He was satisfied that "alternates do exist which would remove the cruel and unusual aspects of solitary while at the same time retaining the necessary security aspects of dissociation," Mr. Justice Heald wrote.

The alternatives ranging from more visits to larger cells and fresh air exercise for those in solitary were outlined by an American penologist, Dr. Richard Korn.

As reported in the judgement Dr. Korn said solitary confinement "was a form of murder it's only purpose was to break a man down, and its results are lifelong detrimental effects on the inmate."

The unprecedented ruling confirms the supremacy of the Bill of Rights, a section which states that no Canadian law shall be construed or applied so as to impose "or authorize the imposition of cruel or unusual treatment or punishment."

It is likely the Federal Government will closely study the judgement and make changes where necessary, in its regulations and physical facilities relating to solitary confinement. Those changes may come first at New Westminister penitentiary. Inmates who have done solitary confinement in other Canadian Penitentiaries join penal experts in describing the B.C. Penitentiary as having the worst solitary confinement sections in North America.

The case which lead to Tuesdays decision was unique. Never before in the history of Canada has inmate evidence of this kind been called, said one of the lawyers involved in the hearings. He described the judge as the first in Canada to hear from the sufferers.

The "sufferers" were eight B.C. Pen inmates who, at various times, served time in the prisons special corrections unit

SOLITARY cont'd

where solitary confinement took place.

Last year they charged the Queen and the Prison Director Dragan Cernetic with violating their individual rights by placing them in indefinite, and solitary detention. Weeks of hearings followed, when inmates, prison staff and outside experts testified.

Cells, the court learned, are 11 feet 2 inches by 6 feet 6 inches; occupants sleep on a cement slab covered by plywood and a four-inch foam rubber mattress in place of windows there is a six inch hole in the steel door; and the ceiling lights are left on 24 hours a day, inmates must sleep with their heads six inches from the toilets and exercise consist of a thirty-minute walk in front of the cell. Testimony revealed some inmates were kept in solitary up to 754 days. Some came close to losing their sanity. There was one suicide last year.

One, Andrew Bruce said that he attempted suicide three times in 1974. Another, Jake Wuiring, said the whole thing was a laugh...they don't want to help you...they lock you up and forget about you. Melvin Miller said that he felt hate, frustration, and asked "How do you cope with loneliness?" "The god damn light burning on you?"....

Most complained of difficulties in readjusting to other people. Dr. Korn, who visited and talked to those solitary, told the judge "we do not put dangerous animals in the situation that we put the men I have seen in. Just visit the local zoo and the B.C. Penitentiary. How that can be defended by a sovereign state, I don't know."

He said that although all of the plaintiffs were out of solitary confinement at the time of the trial he still made the declaration about such confinement being cruel and unusual for the sake of others, who may be there now or in the future.

GOD'S FAVORITE FLOWER by Paul Leister

Who can make a raindrop
To stir the ocean foam
Disperse the early-morning mist
To kiss the village home?

Or send a tiny drop of dew
To cry an orchid tear
To drip upon a blade of grass
To feed the rivulet near?

"...and the
skies drop
down the dew."
Proverbs 3:30

And on into a winding stream
Across a valley grand
To seek the sea and then the sun
Above the golden sand

And lift it high, to say goodbye
With all His Wondrous Ways
Then send the tiny drop of dew
Back down to stir the waves?

THE WHISPERS OF GOD

By Paul Leister

Like blowing wind to kiss the tree;
A rippling brook to feed the sea;
A little child; a bumblebee;
Those are The Whispers of God.

A fluffy cloud up in the sky;
A crimson rose that grows so high;
A homemade steaming apple pie;
Those are The Whispers of God.

A tiny grain of yellow sand;
A rich green field in every land;
All the mountains soaring grand;
Those are The Whispers of God.

I know someone who mistakenly infers that God is an elderly dude, garbed in a long white gown on the edge of a blue-tinted cloud. But I find that if we listen to the woes of a friend or stranger, and try to help them, perhaps pray for them, God will whisper to us from all directions.

If we look at a flower and the ecstasy of beauty sweetens our minds; if we lift a gurgling baby and feel the warmth of its breath on the side of our cheek; if we're rocking to a song and feel the glow of that Special Rhythm; if we read a poem and want to cry sad or joyful tears; if we're down and laughter lifts us up, all of these things are The Whispers of God.

If we're in a prison cell, as I am, and feel pain for those around us; if we're there or going there for the first time and a prayer we thought we had forgotten allows us to drift off to sleep on that bumpy jailhouse mattress; if we wish we were home in our Mother's arms; or fishing with Dad; if we "hate" our Dad or Mom; but cry tears of sadness when the lights go dim; if we have no Mom or Dad but wish we did; if we're on drugs and wish we were not; all of these things are The Whispers of God.

God is not some silly dude who sits on a cloud in the sky. God is a million whispers across a million miles in a million different directions. In many ways He's like a leaf upon a tree: if the leaf dries and dies, it crumbles and blows away in a hundred meaningless directions. But if its heart (the tree) gives the leaf proper nourishment, it drops peacefully to sleep, tumbling down to kiss and sustain the earth that warms the roots that warms its heart.

Each time we're gentle with someone cruel; each time we smile; forgive a wrong; help stranger or friend; think a nice thought; wave a sweet hello; enjoy our work; obey the law; reject the thoughts of evil; give the gift of love to someone we love or who loves no one; each time we do ANY of these things, they too are The Whispers of God.

Create enough whispers and God will speak to you. No greater Joy exists on the face of the earth. My greatest personal desire is to someday hear His voice resound from mountaintop to mountaintop.

SMILE — SOMEONE NEEDS IT

JAIL'S BUREAUCRATIC MISTAKE LOST PRISONER FOR 2 WEEKS

An inmate was lost in Cook County Jail for almost two weeks because of a bureaucratic oversight.

He was finally found sitting in a cell listed under the last name of a Judge. For John Smillie, 27, it was a frustrating experience that began November 4 when he was arrested for carrying a sawed-off shotgun in the trunk of his car. Smillie, a disabled former marine who has a history of mental problems, was taken first to a mental health centre for observation.

He was twice sent to the county jail before returning to the centre for a third time on Dec. 5 for further testing. That's when the trouble started. A deputy glanced at a name inside Smillie's folder and noted the word Jerrick. It referred to Judge Robert Jerrick, who had ordered Smillie's trip to the centre. But the deputy, apparently thinking his prisoner's name was Jerrick, took Smillie to the jail and booked him, under the Judge's last name. And there he sat, while his wife, anxious to talk to John Smillie, found that the jail had no one listed under that name. She said that deputies told her, after they could not locate Smillie, "Don't worry about it. He'll show up in court."

But Smillie's court date, late last week, came and went and when he did not show up, an arrest warrant was ordered Monday. Mrs. Smillie's frantic calls to deputies finally convinced officials at the jail to search for a man fitting Smillie's description. Even though he was there they did not find him for days. He was believed by everyone except his wife to have escaped. Until Warden Glotz, who had heard of the disappearance, found Smillie Tuesday while checking the facilities. Mrs. Smillie said that the deputies told her that "they have mixups like that all the time."

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NOTICE OF PRISON ARTS '76

An invitation is extended to inmates of all adult correctional institutions in Canada to participate in PRISON ARTS '76, the 7th national prison arts project.

CATEGORIES: VISUAL ARTS - Paintings, drawings, carvings, sculpture, prints, etc. CREATIVE WRITING - poetry, prose, plays, etc.; CRAFTS: photography, needlework, ceramics, leather, wood and metal work, etc.; MUSIC: original compositions. Entries MUST be in by May 31, 1976. PRIZES: \$100 to \$1,000. All entries covered by \$300 insurance. For entry forms, contact Librarian or write PRISON ARTS FOUNDATION, 143 Fifth Avenue, Brantford, Ontario, N3S 1A3.

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IN MANY INSTANCES, TRAGEDY ENLARGES THE HEART--Kahlil Gibran

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